But when the days no voice fortold-Of evil-rade life's lesson plain, The choir of early praise grew still. Contempt was bold, and friendship shy. And busy tongues spread calumny

His name to defile, and do him ill. And dept is of human nature show T were worth the whole world not to know - Joel Benton in Pittsburg Bulletin

LITTLE MRS. HAYNES.

It was an eventful era in my young life when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house to a young portrait painter, who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my little heart throbbed and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait painter under our own roof, within the walls of our own home-what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new fund of knowledge! What an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment!

I had heard of portrait painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairles in my little story books, or listened to my father as he talked of kings and courtiers in the great world afar off. Upon our parfor walls, from my earliest remembrance, had hung portraits of my grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvas, or when or by whom their shadows had been fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved before the door and the lilacs that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had to me always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the face of one whose existence had been like a myth, a fable. What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast and what a monstrous, giant like form! How entirely unlike every person that I had ever seen or known would be this portrait

While these speculations were at their height in my busy brain the hero made his the four winds. There was nothing giant like in the little graceful figure that sprang from the village coach, or dark in the pleasant boyish face, shaded by masses of brown hair, and lit up by a merry pair of blue eyes, running over with mirth and mischief. His name, too, like the generality of names, had nothing wonderful or striking to characterize

it. He was Emply Frank Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, with a pleasant, easy ought to win my childish favor, I should have been quite at home had not the stunning knowledge of his art overpowered me. It was a strange freak for a child of ten summers, but somehow it crept into my baby brain that I must not like him, although the while, in spite of myself, a preference for his opinions, ways and looks grew up strong within me. If he spoke to me when any one was observing him 1 was silent and shrank away from him timidly; but when we were alone I chatted and chirrupped like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it have taken into his head the boyish idea of teasing me.

To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, now that he knew how much I cared for him. For the future he should call me Mrs. Haynes-little Mrs. Haynes-and should be very angry if everybody in the house did not follow his example. I must not ever have any little beaux among the schoolboys now that my name was changed; but I must be prim and proper like any married woman who is faithful to her husband. "Would I agree to this?" he asked.

I glanced up from the hem of my white muslin apron, which I had been twisting about my finger, to meet my mother's eye fixed laughingly upon my face. In a moment my lips were closed resolutely, while he, seeing at once the cause of my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a rose from a running vine that crept nearly to the mossy

"Little Mrs. Havnes must wear the rose," he said. "It would never do for her to toss her head and throw his gifts carelessly by. All married women were flowers which their husbands gave them. Would I wear the rose? I glanced about the room again. My

mother was nowhere to be seen, and so I said that I would wear it if he wanted me to. "And would I consent to be called little

Mrs. Havnes. "Yes, I would consent."

"Then it was all right. He would never look about for a wife, nor should I look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Havnes. Did that suit me?" "Oh, yes, that suited me. I like that."

"Well, then, he should have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to let folks know that some one owned me. "No. I didn't want a ring."

"Tut, tut, tut! That would never do People who were engaged to be married always gave such a pledge. He should speak to father about it, so that it would be all right. If he was willing, would I wear the ringf

"No, I didn't like rings." "Wouldn't I like the ring that he would

"No. I wouldn't like a ring at any rate." During his stay, which was protracted to months, instead of weeks, he strove in every way to change my determination about the engagement ring, as he termed it. I was inexorable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and told me that in a few weeks he should be thousands of miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, the prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have

At last he went from us. I shall never forget the morning, or how cold, dull and cheerless it seemed to me. How dreary and desolate everything looked because he was going away. It was not every day grief that bore down upon my young heart, no childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips, that I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs.

"Would I write to him and sign that

namein "Yes, I would."

"I was a good girl, then, and he would

never forget me. Good-by!" "Good-by!" My voice trembled and fluttered upon the words. In my short life they

were the hardest I had found to speak.

niles to wait upon me to sleigh rides and parties that the children in the neighborhood alone I would remain at home, whatever from my unswerving course. I was little Mrs. Haynes, and little Mrs. Haynes I was its golden music, exclaimed;

bent on remaining. But while I was in the very midst of my a dreadful blow to my precious hopes and plans, though for a long time I battled against years before, crediting the report. Hadn't Frank told me "Ah, Mr. that he would never look about for a wifef dignified way, "I am pleased to see you." that I was the only little lady who should bear his name? Didn't he write me regularly every fortnight, commencing his letters, "Dear little Mrs. Haynes," and telling me to be faithful to him? And-and-would he do this if he was engaged! No, not a bit of it! Some one had maliciously lied about him, had manufactured the story from their own wicked imagination. I would not believe it, though the whole world stood up before me

and testified to the truth. As if to reward me for my faith, and set coach set Frank down at our door. He thought he must come and see his little wife once more, he said, as I went timidly forward to meet him, though he thought it very bad taste in me to grow at such a rapid rate. He was afraid I'd growout of my engagebread on my head to keep me within bounds. We had been engaged two years. I was 12 years old, and a head taller than I was at 10. years. What would I be when he returned? He did not dare to think. He believed I would be as tall as he by that time. Wouldn't I?

"I hoped so," I answered, tartly, thinking the while of the story of the engagement, "Whew! You are taking on the airs of a fine young lady already, my little Phebe," he answered, laughing heartily. "You wouldn't give me one of your brown curls today if my heart should break for it, would you?"

"No, I have none to spare." "Not one! Why?"

"Cause"-

"Cause what?"

"Because she has heard strange reports of you Frank," broke in my mother, mischievously. "She hasn't any idea of letting you rob her of her curls while she doubts your spirit, you see.

"On my faith she is," he exclaimed, gayly, his blue eyes upon my face. "And I trow I'm appearance, scattering them mercilessly to in love with her for it. Never mind reports,

my little lady. I answered only by a curl of my lips, while he reached out his hand to draw me to a seat upon his knee.

"No, I won't sit there!" I cried, pushing away his hand, while tears, which had been crowding their way into my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my burning cheeks. "I'll the room. never sit there again, never!" "My dear little Phebe!"

There was a real pathos in his rich, manly voice, a quick, penetrating, surprised look in his clear, bine eyes, as he uttered these words, followed by a rapid, wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them. "My dear little Phebe! May God bless

you!" I stole quietly away from out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw my- passionate hope of your womanly nature has self down in the shade of the old orchard in the mellow September sunshine, brooding | Pheber over the little romance that had so silently and strangely grown into the woof of my al- . most baby life. I wept before my time for the delicious griefs that forever cling to a sweet and conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house Frank had taken his leave, but in my little work basket | my old seat upon his knee. he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it! Are you a woman, reader, and ask it?

"Phebe, Phebe! mother says come down stairs. There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you."

The words broke harshly into my pleasant dreams which I had been weaving all the long golden July afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my chamber. At my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves rumpled and crushed, lay my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was lying, with a needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the floor, as if escaped luckily from a round of monotonous hemming, which as yet boasted but two or three stitches at its commencement.

"Who can it be that wishes to see me?" exclaimed, rising bastily and calling after my little 6-year-old brother: "Who is it, Charlief"

"Don't know; it's somebody. Mother says come down."

"Who can it be?" An hour since I had seen a gentleman with a beavily bearded face come up the walk, but I was too busy with my dreams to notice him very particularly. Still, as I recalled his face and figure and his quick, springing step, there seemed some-thing strangely familiar in them. Who could it be! My heart beat rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and form before, and a name that was singularly dear to me trembled upon my lips-"Frank Haynes."

But I could not go down to meet him, though I was summoned a thousand times. I did not wish to see him; why should I? There was no occasion for it. I was not the foolish little girl of ten summers whom he had left five years ago in short frocks and curls, but a little grown woman instead. No, I was not the same. I would not go down. Besides, a sudden headache was nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask it of me when I was hardly able to sit up. But what would he think? Would be care? Would be still remember tenderly the little Mrs. Haynes of

five years ago! Little! I repeated the word as I stood before the mirror, which gave back to me an accurate picture of myself. A slender, passable form; a dark, clear complexion; large gray eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed to have robbed the cheeks of their color; white teeth; a broad forehead, but not high; large, heavy braids of chestnut brown hair, was the likeness framed before my eyes. I turned away with a sigh, and glanced down at my hand. Upon the third finger of the left was a plain, gold circlet. The hot blood rushed into my cheeks as I looked at it. I would wear it no longer. He should never know that I had worn it at all. Just then my brother came again to the door of my room,

crying out a new message: "Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is wanted down stairs."

"I have a terrible headache, Charles Please tell mother so," and sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair handle.

"Dear, dear! If they would but forget me!" I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. During the next two years no lady love their conversation came clearly to my ears. knight than I was to Frank Haynes. The of voices in the hall, and then steps in the brightest moments of my life circled about | walk below. I did not glance eagerly from

the reception of his letters, the greatest joy of life was in answering them. Among my schoolmates I had no childish love, no juve over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance. Then I crept stealthily tlown stairs and stepped into the silent pardelighted in. If I could not go and come lor, where so lately he had been. I was half across the room before I noticed that I was might be the inducement offered to tempt me not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, a glad, merry voice, rich with

'My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand heroic devotion a terrible rumor reached my | clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded ears, a rumor that Frank Haynes, my self lips were bent down to mine. I drew my appointed lord and master, was engaged to a | head back haughtily. I was a little child no young and beautiful lady in the city. It was longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caress that he had bestowed upon me five

"Ab, Mr. Havnes," I said, bowing in a My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping back from me and releasing my hand he said, with a curl of his

finely cut line: "Your pardon, Miss Lester; I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be a fine

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him as I did so. But there was no pleasantry attempted on his part, and when my mother entered the room a few moments after and referred laughingly my prejudiced little mind to right, the next to our old engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words as though the subject was not an agreeable one to him.

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment ment; he should have to put a loaf of hot I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to recall my unlucky words; yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though He was going to Europe to stay three or four | I was as miserable and wretched as I could well be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretchedness.

All the time that I could spend in my chamber without being absolutely rude was passed there till my strange, unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before

"You appear so strange, Phebe," said my mother one morning. "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he were the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. sincere allegance to her. She is a lady of Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands.

> My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it. "He does hate me, mother-hates me with

"Your pardon, little Phebe-Miss Lesterbut he does not!" broke in the rich, clear voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world—" He paused, and in a moment improperly classified. The so called "double more I heard my mother step lightly from consciousness" is of this variety. "This con-

aid, excitedly, looking up into his face, 'and I do like you just as well-as well--' quick expression of joy lighting up his blue | record, and their close relationship to epi-

"As well as ever I did," I faltered.

"And how well is that! So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong

to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry. "Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth,

in earnest, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to

"And will at last wear the ring?" I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife; at last my little Mrs. Haynes in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.

That night there were sly looks and glances east toward me at every turn, and at the supper table my father quite forgot himself and called me "little Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunshiny years, and as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes."

Ahead of the Old Man.

"Do you want to see a neat game! Then vatch the three girls sitting with their father in the fifth pew of the middle aisle," said the tenor of a fashionable uptown church the other Sunday to a reporter who was paying him a visit in the choir loft during morning

The reporter fixed his eyes on the mentioned pew. The father seemed to be a prosperous banker or merchant, a portly, gray whiskered, red faced man, evidently somewhat of a martinet. As the deacon approached with the contribution box the parent drew a fat wallet from his inside pocket, opened it and pompously handed each of his daughters a banknote.

"He gives them a tenner apiece," whispered

he chorister. Each girl as she received her bill crumpled it carelessly in her right hand, and became absorbed in the hymnal again, which was held in both hands. When the silver salver was handed into their pew the father dropped his contribution in with a placid air and then passed the plate along to the daughters. Each took her left hand from her book, dropped a crumpled bill into the repository, and the plate was handed back to the waiting deacon.

"A clever idea," said the tenor, "each girl drops a \$1 bill on with her left and holds out \$10 with her right hand. It seems that young misses have to resort to sharp devices at times to raise money for matinee tickets and bon bons, ehf'-New York Evening Sun.

An Old Time Joke.

A little wooden machine, about six inches ong, having at one end a cog wheel with an elastic strip of thin wood securely fastened at the end opposite to the one that overlies the cog, when drawn rapidly and skillfully from the nape of the neck down to the lumbar regions of an unsuspecting victim, conveys the horrible assurance to the scratchee that his coat has been completely ripped down his back, and in a ratio corresponding to his terror at this supposition is the ineffable joy of the scratcher who has perpetrated the practical joke. All over the fails of olden times the click-clicking screech of this little instrument could be heard to the accompaniment of sudden cries of alarm and shouts of laughter from the crowd. The ingenious mechanism is occasionally to be seen, heard and felt in city crowds in England on occasions of public rejoicing, but it is becoming scarcer every year, and ere long, like its serious rivals, the thumbscrew, the rack and the scavenger's daughter, will be found only in archaeological museums,-New York Star.

Why do we say a man's "dead and gone? Isn't he pretty well gone when he's dead?

SOMNAMBULISM.

THEORIES DEVISED TO EXPLAIN SLEEP WALKING PHENOMENA.

Perilous Adventures of Somnambulists. Double Consciousness-Mesmeric Sleep. Clairvoyance and Other Abnormal Conditions-Causes of Sleep Walking.

What form the movements of the somnam pulist may take is governed to a great degree by impressions received by the subject, but to a greater degree, perhaps, by some governing idea which has been awakened by whatever set the centers for movements in operation. Sleep walkers differ markedly among themselves as to the effect upon them of these two sets of conditions. Some can be influenced in any desired direction by suggestions conveyed by words, movements or sensa tions communicated by impressions made upon the sense of touch. Others disregard such impressions—the avenues of which seem to be closed-and are governed exclusively by some fixed idea. The previous knowledge of somnambulists as to localities has much to do with the remarkable feats they are known to have performed. In a strange locality the walking on the ridge pole of a house or along the brink of a precipice is not, by any means, as safe as some have believed. The occurrence, within the past year, of several fatal accidents to such sleepers proves that they have no magical power of finding safety where others en-counter danger. This idea of the marvelous safety of sleep walkers must be be abandoned. If this is thoroughly understood it is likely that better care will be taken to guard the safety of those known to be subjects of what must be considered a disease. Although the actions of the sleep walker

seem to be to some degree at least under the control of the will, it is very apparent from the foregoing considerations that they are to be considered as almost entirely automatic. In ordinary dreams the will is without power to control even the imaginary acts of the dreamer. In somnambulism there are real muscular actions added to the ordinary dream. Hence it is that thefts or other unlawful acts may result from the abnormal condition, and the sleep walker should not be held morally or criminally responsible for such occurances. No one should be held responsible for an act of the imagination, a homicide-dreamed to have been perpetrated for example. The real action of the somnambulist is of the same nature, so far as responsibility is concerned, as the peculiar freaks of the imagination which take place in an ordinary dream.

DIFFERENT CONDITIONS.

Some authors, especially those of an early date, have evidently classed together as cases of somnambulism a number of distinctly different conditions. Some instances of sists in the individual recollecting during the "I am not cold, haughty and proud," I paroxysms circumstances which occurred in a former attack, though there was no remembrance of them during the interval." A "What, little Phebe?" he asked eagerly, a number of such cases have been placed on lepsy is now beyond question. In true somnambulism there is no recollection of what has taken place during an attack, either in the walking condition or in subsequent at-

tacks. In the so called "mesmeric sleep," or hypnotism, the condition of the brain is reached out constantly to mef As well as I doubtless very similar to that which is prestrees and sobbed out the heaviness that have liked, aye, loved you-till every pulse ent in natural somnambulism. The intellecpressed upon my spirit. For hours I lay there of your heart beats for met As well as this, tual departments seem, however, to be in a condition more nearly approaching that pres-I covered my face that he might not read | ent when the whole brain is awake. It is the whole expression of my love in my tell impossible to state what the real condition of tale eyes, and be shocked that it had grown the brain is in somnambulism. It is most likely that there is some kind of disturbance in the amount of blood sent to different parts

of the organ of mind. To explain the mesmeric phenomena it has been thought that some one or several parts of the brain are thrown out of their ordinary relations with other parts by the "passes" and other manipulations of the mesmerizer. It is, perhaps, by gradually but very completely exhausting the irritability of some parts that this is brought about. Then, it is supposed, those parts first affected exert an inhibiting influence over other parts, until only a small part of the nervous centers is capable of responding to any kind of an impression. Hence it has been possible for complete anasthesia to be produced in this way-so complete that limbs have been amputated and other grave surgical operations have been performed without other means of lessening or prevent-

REAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

ing pain. The testimony in favor of subjects in this artificial somnambulism being able-some of them-to see what is going on at a distance, to read sealed letters, and to hear a conversation taking place several miles away, seems to be so conclusive that many distinguished scholars, physicians and philosophers are firm believers in clairvoyance and clairaudience. It is certain, at all events, that in natural as well as in artificial somnambulism the senses become much more acute than in the normal condition. As all the special senses are simply modifications and higher developments of the sense of touch, it may not be so very unreasonable to think that, under certain abnormal conditions, this fundamental sense may become exalted-hyperæstheticto such a degree as to enable it to take the place of sight or hearing. In the blind, as is well known, this sense and that of hearing both become greatly exalted. They can not take the place of the lost vision, but they make a nearer approach to doing so than could have been expected by any one who has but witnessed the phenomena of reading, sewing and the carrying on of mechanical trades by the blind.

The causes of sleep walking are to be found in disturbances of health, indigestion, fevers, and over excitement rather than to any diabolical agency. Those who have inherited an over sensitive nervous organization are most liable to become somnambulic. Those exhausted by excess in work, study or in vice are also subject to similar disturbances. Some families show a marked tendency toward somnambulism, many members becoming affected. The treatment is simple enough when the cause is known, and can be removed. In chronic, inveterate sleep walking it may become necessary to attend carefully to the securing of doors and windows at night in order to prevent accidents, which are more frequently serious to sleep walkers than is usually supposed.-Globe-Democrat.

A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed oil, and then dust over with fine flour. When this dries hard, repeat the oil and flour dressing until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries, allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.-Boston Budget.

There are 12,000 stamp collectors among children of the New York public schools, and many dealers in stamps.



DR. J. B. WALKER, Oculist and Aurist,

Who has practiced in this city at 1 ce 1859, may be consulted

AT THE CLIFTON HOTEL, OTTAWA,

At all other times (as this is the only place he visits professionally) he may be found in Chicago.

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Lands in Adams
Lands in E
urchasers,

B. F. LINCOLN



Aegal.

TAX SALE NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the unknown owners of and to the unknown parties interested in the following described lands and towns lots and parts of lots, which were sold for the non-payment of taxes, interest and costs for the year A. D 1855 and previous years, in accordance with an order of the County Court of La Salle county, and state of Illinois, dated May 10, A. D. 1886, that at a tax sale of delinquent lands and town lots and parts of lots, by the treasurer and ex-officio collector of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, for the state, county and other taxes, due and unpaid thereon for the year A. D. 1885 and previous years, leid at the County Court House, in the city of Ottawa, in the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, of the 14 day of Jane, A. D. 1886, and continued from day to day in pursuance of law, said sale wascontinued to and included the 21st day of June, A. D. 1886, James Reardon of Morris, Illinois, became the purchaser at the said sale for said taxes, of the following described tracts of land, fown lets and parts of tows lots to-wit: 150-100 acres middle part lot 7, swq section 16, township 33, range 1, containing 150-100 acres in the said county, assessed to and in the name of T. D. Brewster; also at the same sale and on the 22nd day of June, 1886, lot 6, block 13, in Painter's Add to the town of Streator, in said county, assessed to and in the name of T. D. Brewster; also at the same sale and on the 22nd day of June, 1896, lot 6, block 13, in Painter's Add to the town of Streator, in said county, assessed to and in the name of R. Clark; also on the said 22d day of June, lot 12, block 15, in the town of Marseilles, assessed to and in the name of R. Clark; also on the said 22d day of June, lot 12, block 18, in the town of Marseilles, assessed to and in the name of Nelson Brundage; also on the said 22d day of June, lot 14, in Crotty's sab, division, wh swq, section 25, town 23, range 5, in town of Crotty, assessed to and in the name of Joseph Cronin, That the undersigned is the l June, lots 23 and 29 in Underhill's out lots to the fown of Crotty, assessed to and in the name of Joseph Cronin. That the undersigned is the legal owner of said certificates of purchase of said land, town lots and parts of town lots; and that the time of redemption from said tax sale and parchase, will expire on the 21st and 22nd days of June, A. D. 1888.

JAMES REARDON, feb18-3w

DUNCAN, O'CONOR & GILBERT,

MASTER'S SALE.-STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY of LA SALLE-SE. La Salle County Circuit Court. In the matter of George M, Murphy rs. Mary Morrise ey and Michael Morrissey.—On bill to foreclose Mort-

ey and Michael Morrissey.—On our to forecase Morrisage.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order entered in the above entitled cause, in said court, on the twenty-seventh day of January, 1885. I. Duncan McDongall, Master in Chancery for said Court, on Monday, the twenty-sixth day of March 1888, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, shall sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, at the north door of the County Court House, in Ottawa, in said county, the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said decree, situated in the county of La Saile and state of Illinois, to wit:

linois, to wit:

Lots numbered two (2) and three (3), in block numbered sixty-seven (67), situated in the city of La Salle.

Ottawa, Illinois, February 17, 1883.

DUNCAN McDOUGALL,
feb26-4w Master in Chancery for said Circuit Court.

NOTICE:.—ESTATE OF PETER GALLAGHER, DEC.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned. Administratrix of the Estate of Peter Gallagher, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinous, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county, on the third Monday (being the 19th day) of March, 1888, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notlined to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this list day of January, a. p. 1888.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that I purchased Lot One (1) in Black One (1), in Bronson's 3d Addition to Streator on the 22d day of June, 1886; and at the expiration of two years from that date I will apply for tax deed to said lot to the county clerk of La Saile county.

Serentor, Ill., February Sth., 1889.

febil-3w WM. R. BRONSON.

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Saturday March 3
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MONUMENTS

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Chicago, Burnington and Qu ncy R. R. TIME TABLE.

April 1st, 1887. AURORA AND STREATOR BRANCH P.M. LV AM. LY Chicago ... Anrora ... South Aurora ... South Service ... Service ... South Service ... Service ... South Service ... Service ... South Service ... Service ... South Service ... 9.12 9.07 9.02 8.54 8.42 8.84 8.26 8.18 8.08 7.58 7.54 7.50 7.42 7.50 12.02 44 OTTAW 2 444 OTTAW 2 445 Gide Track... 8.10 12.24 524 Grand Ridge. 8.15 12.38 56 Richards... 12.45 60 Streator... 3.35 7.28

Freight trains carrying passengers leave Ottawa me ollows: For Paw Paw and Earl, 4.20 P.M.; for Stream, 5.05 A. M., 5.05 P. M., and 10 00 A. M; for Aurora, 0,00 A. M. 10.00 A.M. Palace Sleeping Cars, C B. & Q. Drawing Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, C B. & Q. Drawing Room Cars, Horton's Reclining Chair Cars, and the C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars, by this route. All information about rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations and time tables will be cheerfully given by applying to PAUL MORTON

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K. C. and St. L. Express. 5.16 AM
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Nos. 9 and 10 arrive in Chicago at 10 a. m. and leave hicago at 5 P. m. daily (Sunday excepted).

No. 36 carries passengers from Geneseo to Ottawa.

No. 29 carries passengers between Joilet and La saile, and No. 30 between La Saile and Joilet.

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